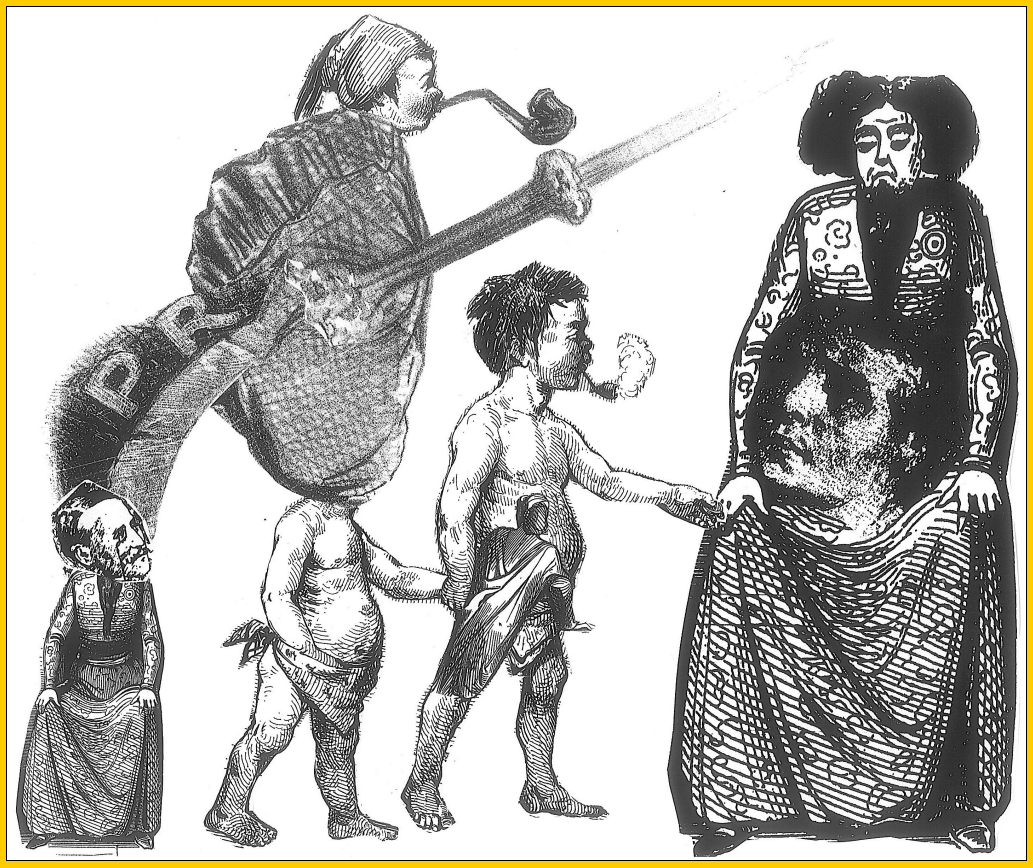
Rêvenance

A Zine of Hauntings from Underground Histories

Issue No. 5 October 2018 (A.Da. 102, A.H. 188)

Special Feature: Pipelets Under Attack!



Featuring

The Dead: : Philothée O'Neddy / Thomas Hood / Marceline Debord-Valmore / John Everett Millais / Sapeck / Célestin Nanteuil / J.-C. Sailer / The Mapah Ganneau / Eugène Sue / Cham / Faustin Betbedder / Gustave Karr / Harriet Preston / Arthur Verneuil / J. Grand-Carteret / & Others

& The Living: Olchar E. Lindsann / Elizabeth Birdsall

Rêvenance is dedicated to the forgotten or untold histories of 19th Century avant-garde and dissenting countercultures. It promotes historiography practiced as game, as activism, as trans-generational collaboration, as communal memory, which running athwart the academic, refuses to describe history as finished, and does not stand apart to observe its object from a distance, in the posture of false 'objectivity' which Power always assumes. Instead: a *committed* historiography, which does not stand outside the stream of time or apart from its object: intellectual and precise, yet ludic and multi-form, one moment manifest as an essay, the next as a poem. A historiography created *within* the utopian fringe, and for the same community, responsive to our changing conditions, needs, and desires. A historiography that *we take personally*, merging imperceptibly into experiments in daily life, social praxis, and thought.

The journal is closely integrated with the Revenant Archive of roughly 600 books, prints, manuscripts, and personal items from the 19th Century avant-garde, and much of the material is drawn from the archive's material. The journal explores forgotten and newly-discovered histories of avant-garde, radical activist, utopian, and other underground countercultures. While the primary focus is on the 19th Century, earlier and later material is also welcome, and contributions directly connecting counter-cultural movements and strategies across time are particularly encouraged. The primary goal is to explore histories, communities, and themes that are not consistently represented elsewhere. ***Rêvenance*** seeks to develop a community of independent DIY researchers who see historical work as part of a communal praxis directed toward contemporary and future change; it is a laboratory in which countercultural history is transmuted, reflected and disseminated in the current lifestyle, writing, music, art, and thought of present-day communities of dissent or otherness.

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All uncredited translations are by Olchar E. Lindsann.

Many of the source texts are available online at gallica.bnf.fr *and/or at* archive.org.

Betbader 'Pipelet' cartoons © Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Cover image by Olchar E. Lindsann, collaged from: Célestin Nanteuil, *Profundities of Love* and *Publuc Baths* (c.1840-50), A.B., *Prado* (Undated, c.1835-40), Merwart, *Editorial Breakfast at the Chat Noir* (1887), Anonymous frontispiece to J. Bouchardy's *Paris the Bohemian* (1842), & Cham, *Social Studies: The New God* (c.1848). All constituent images photocopied from originals held in the Revenant Archive (neither digitised nor sliced up).

Send Submissions & Correspondence to monoclelash@gmail.com

Forward

The predominant thread that emerged while assembling this issue of *Rêvenance* is economic. The issue starts out looking at poverty by way of its frequent remedy, Crime, through the lens of french Frenetic Romanticism in a pair of pieces by two co-founders of the Bouzingo group (c.1829-33) – an artist and a poet – presenting highwaymen as agents of social rebellion. Next, a pair of English offerings – again an artist and a poet – from the following generation examine the links between poverty, prostitution, suicide, and bourgeois society's moral hypocrisy. The centrist cartoonist Cham ridicules autodidact workers in an 1848 anarchist bookshop, then the self-taught labourer J.-C. Sailer writes of the socialist movement of 1841 in terms reminiscent of the Frenetic Romantics, from a workers' anthology compiled by Olinde Rodrigues, coiner of the term 'avant-garde'. The latter, as it happens, had been an early theorist of the proto-socialist Saint-Simonian movement, which in turn appears in this issue in the form of a right-wing satire. The movement also had a major influence on the socialist-feminist-occult Evadamist movement of 'The Mapah' Ganneau, represented here by one of his more sober pamphlets demanding universal suffrage for the male and female working class. Marceline Desbordes-Valmore condemns the violent suppression of workers' anti-monarchist demonstrations.

This economic theme is continued through this issue's special feature (are these becoming a trend?) on the multi-general feud between "Pipelets" or Concierges and the writers and artists of Paris. The revenant we have uncovered proves as multi-faceted as that in last issue's feature. We find a unionisation movement among a massive sector of the service industry which has since disappeared, and accompanied the economic and infrastructure shift from rural to urban tenancy. We also find unexpected interweavings with Bohemian subculture: the Socialist-Romanticist novelist Eugène Sue created the nickname and popular stereotype of the "Pipelet" in 1842, and forty years later the avant-satirists Sapeck and Jouy of the Hydropaths / Chat Noir groups targeted them in a gleefully spiteful magazine dedicated to their ridicule. As too often happens, what for the Bohemians was a public gag in the spirit of Fluxus or Neoism was experienced by the targeted workers as a real attack that damaged their struggle for social respect.

I encourage, and would readily print, responses to the material presented, particularly in connection to contemporary conditions (the current complicity of what is left of Bohemia with gentrification creates plenty of analogous encounters . . .). The same is true of last issue's feature on the Badouillards, and indeed anything presented in *Rêvenance*.

The issue closes with a late-comer to *last* issue's feature on early Parisian dance-club culture: an article on police raids on licentious dances from Karr's self-published mag *The Wasps*.

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This poem by the ultra-Romanticist Philothée O'Neddy [pronounce: Feel-o-tay O'Neddy] is a wicked example of the dark, avant-gothic sub-current known as ***Frenetic Romanticism****, of which O'Neddy was a leading practitioner and which established the literary language built upon in the following generations by Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Genonceaux, and Bataille – in particular, one recognises in O'Neddy's character of Itobal one of the models for Maldoror. He is also a likely influence on J.-C. Sailer's poem elsewhere in this issue. O'Neddy was a co-founder of the* ***Jeunes-France*** *[say: June-Frahnce] /* ***Bouzingo*** *[Boose-on-joe] collective and a key early theorist of the avant-garde, which he referred to as "the Outlaws of Thought" – an interesting comment in connection with this text, especially in conjunction with the preceding etching of highwaymen by his comrade and fellow Jeunes-France member Nanteuil. Escousse, cited in the epigraph, was another young frenetic poet who had recently committed suicide following the failure of his play in the face of a Classicist critical campaign against it; not every "Battle" ended like* ***Hernani****.*

Ninth Night:

Incantation (1833)

by Philothée O'Neddy

> My hardships and my blood determine my career;
> My blood speaks to me, to me, 'tis my blood that I hear:
> I do not think, me, I have sensations,
> And my simple desires merit my passions!
>
> Victor Escousse.

To his palace abhorred beneath boulders deep-bored,
Itobal comes alone; underneath the low lintel,
He snatches up his gun and his bronze-tinted sword;
Then, on a bed of rushes, branch dead and brittle,
His spent height allows to tumble soil-ward.
But in vain this throatslicer,[1] whom fatigue so exceeds,
Ceasing three days of marching and bloodspattered fight,
Seeks slumber here within his cavern's frigid bite:
Profound vertigo on his obsession feeds.

---

1 *égorgeur*. A neologism when O'Neddy used it, the word has only rarely appeared since then, hence I've chosen a less familiar phrase than the common English "cutthroat"

– A thousand curses! quoth he behind his bite:
There, close upon my ear, a swarm musters and roils;
My spasming muscles convulse, my lifeblood boils;
You would think I was on rageous anthracite!
I know not which cruel sprite is so spitefully frantic
To thus strip an old wolf of the slumber he's won:
So what? Do I not own an arcane magic,
To souse my senses with a balm lethargic,
For three entire reigns of night and of the sun? . . .
– Hey there! Do you stir, dull and vacant skulls
Of all the craven viles[2] whom my knife-hand has splayed!
Skulls, who slumber longside broad well-trampled ways,
In the water of wells, in the forests baleful,
Bring it on! Bring it on! Upon the winds take wing.
Profit then from the dark, in your advent aerial;
Then, alongside faint screams, with wheezings funereal,
Around my bedside valence dance, dance madly circling![3]

He'd scarcely dared to issue these demonic bulls,
Than, through the cloven rocks, boistrously in there bound,
Upon amber rays, a cortege of skulls,
By whom swiftly the bloodspattered bedside is crowned.
The dance tightens round, tis convulsed and whirled amiss;
And beguiled, mesmerised by the arhythmic course
Of psalms that the ball is buzzing in its bliss,
Fervently our highwayman to slumber deep is forced.
Yo! all you moralists, what's that about remorse?

trans. Olchar E. Lindsann

from ***Feu et flamme****,* ed. Marcel Hervier. 1926. Bibliothèque Romantique: Paris. Revenant Archive.

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2 O'Neddy is employing an adjective, *vils,* as a noun. His love for such grammatical disruptions and transpositions kept his verse nearly unpublishable even in Romanticist publications.
3 *en rond*, i.e., in a ring. In frenetic Romanticist circles, this was understood to refer to the dionysian *rond de sabbat*, or witches' dance – which in turn was related to the Infernal Gallop, the favourite dance of the frenetics. This was essentially the same as contemporary punk circle-pits, and in which dancers who tripped were routinely trampled (see *Révenance 4* for a lithograph portraying the dance.)

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Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

from Thomas Hood, ***The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood***. 1873. *James Miller, Publisher, New York.*

Cham, ***Social Studies***. 1848. Lithograph. Bureau de Charivari: Paris. *This must be one of the earliest depictions of an Anarchist Bookshop—produced within months of the 1848 Revolution, before which such literature was quite dangerous to circulate, and only eight years after Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, named the movement. The simple stand's signage reads: PROUDHON REPARE [sic] OF ALL KINDS RESTORED THE OLD TO NEW. The proprietor is clearly a cobbler by trade, and, we are meant to infer, semi-literate—an insult to Anarchism's working-class, often self-taught adherents. The customer is an 18th century aristocrat to parody of the movement's intellectual supporters. The caption reads: "Reassembly, repair and re-soling of old political, financial and social systems"*

from the Collection of the Revenant Archive.

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II

Your heart partook and pacified that agony
Which took life but refused to hand me to the grave.
You restored to me hope, fellowship, and my faith,
And the tunes of my lute to ardent ecstasies.

Be ye blessed! Because fortune invests your life
With your tenderest gifts, with your dearest treasures;
Your share must be immense of honours and pleasures;
Know a thousand delights without even one sole strife.

With such euphoria my gaze contemplates thee,
Apostle of progress, who by example leads
Labour, the union, loyalty, and peace!

Be ye blessed! We attain such adventurous feats . . .
I trust the days to come, and await the messiah
My hands within your hands, our eyes up in the skies!

–trans. Olchar E. Lindsann

from *Poésies sociales des ouvriers,* ed. Olinde Rodrigues. 1841. Paulin: Paris. *From the Revenant Archive.*

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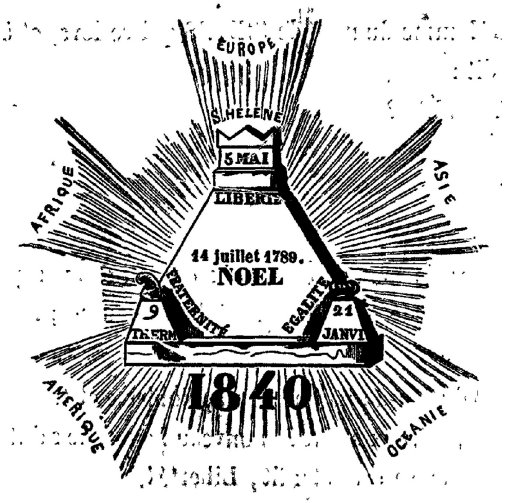
*The tiny occultist-feminist-socialist movement known as **Evadamism**, (Eve-Adam-ism) despite its extreme obscurity, had a major influence on occultism and hermeticism in the late 19th Century, particularly through Eliphas Levi, one its most active proponents. This fascinating and intensely strange little group, led by the Romanticist sculptor-turned spiritualist Messiah known as the Mapah Ganneau [Gahn-noh]. Revenant Editions has already published a mystical-feminist Evadamist manifesto as a separate pamphlet (**Baptism-Marriage**); here is a more mythopoeic political statement advocating that the Peoples (the masses, the lower classes) of the world unite together (foreshadowing of Marx's international proletariat and the Wobblies' 'One Big Union') – under the leadership of the French People, cast in the role of Christ sacrificed upon the cross of Waterloo, in a mythification of society not unlike that of Blake (with whom it is unlikely he was familiar, however).*

Evadamist Manifesto for Electoral Reform (1840)

by the Mapah Simon Ganneau



I am no longer going to say to the People:
Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's!
Caesar's mission is at an end.
But I am going to say unto Caesar:
Render to God that which is God's!
Who is God?
God is the People.

And the Word was made Man in a man named of Jesus;

And the Word was made People in a people named France;

And the Word unity Man was made flesh in the breast of a Virgin named Mary;

And the Word unity People was made flesh in the breast of a Virgin named LIBERTY.

What is the Word?

The Word is LOVE.

And the Mother of the Christ Man gave birth in a stable;

And the Mother of the Christ People gave birth in a bastille.

I tell you truly: the Holy Virgin Mary of the Heavens, the Holy Virgin Liberty of the earth, are the GRAND-MOTHER, THE GRAND PARIAH, THE GENESIAC EVE.

In 1789, lived a Man by the name of Sieyes[4] who rose up, and in the face of the Nobility and the Clergy said:

What is the Third Estate?

Nothing.

What should it be?

Everything.

To these simple words, the violent voice of Mirabeau responded: The great are only great because we are at their knees; raise us up, and we shall be greater than they.

As soon as the Tennis Court Oath burst forth, Nobility and Clergy were overturned, and from the chaos of the Estates-General issued the new Logos, the holy doctrine Sovereignty People: and an immense cry resounded, Liberty!

From this sacred name, the dawn of the great day was created, the gods of despotism were crushed, the Bastille, their monstrous symbol, toppled; and from the old world's wreckage was erected, resplendent in glory and love, LIBERTY OUR HOLY MOTHER, with lacerated sides from which emerged, on the 14 July 89,[5] THE FRENCH PEOPLE, THE MESSIAH OF PEOPLES.

Such is the origin, the seed of this french revolution which transfigured the world; successively called National Assembly, Constituent, Legislative, Convention, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, July Revolution, at the current moment it is named:

ELECTORAL REFORM! . . .

What is Electoral Reform?

Electoral Reform is the matrix of the French Revolution's resplendent fruit.

The resplendent fruit, it is the holy doctrine Sovereignty, become People.

It consists of propositions so self-evident, that once posed they are resolved; it consists of such gravity, that once attacked they strike instantly to death, if they do not regenerate.

Let the deaf hear, let the blind see! for, in politics as in physics, expansion is due to compression.

Sons of Liberty, listen!

ELECTORAL REFORM, on today 14 July 1840, is formulated thus:

In 1789 what was the Third Estate? (The bourgeoisie.)

Nothing.

From 1789 to 1840, what has the Third Estate become? (The bourgeoisie._

4 Revolutionary leader Emmanuel Sieyes published his pamphlet *What is the Third Estate?* in 1789.
5 The date of the storming of the Bastille.

Everything.

In 1840 what is the People?

Nothing.

What shall it be?

Everything! . . .

May this formula be consecrated! and that it may be consecrated, Daughters and Sons of the world's martyrs, unite among yourselves! Let your spirits be elevated to the great spirit of your Fathers; let their magnum opus, the Revolution, that terrible and sacred childbirth of United Humanity, rise up before you in all its majesty, and the overjoyed heart of dignity and joy, charming children of Giants of the Federation, shout along with us, in sacred ecstasy: PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

I tell you truly:

On today 14 July 1840, fiftieth anniversary of the revolution is the day of the French People's Peace, of the CHRIST-PEOPLE dead for the Peoples' salvation.

Peoples our brothers, are you listening? he cries to you from his cradle: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

Peoples our brothers, are you listening? he cries to you from the height of his cross of Waterloo: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!

Peoples our brothers, are you listening? he cries to you from his tomb: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity?

Peoples our brothers, have great faith and good hope; for the hour of the resurrection, of the grand Passover and the grand Federation is at hand.

Peoples our brothers, in the name of the Mother of all love, of the great Eve, of sacred Liberty, recall that the point where Caesar ends is where Man begins; that the point where Man begins is the Brother . . . Fraternity! . . .

MY SISTERS AND MY BROTHERS.

Factionalism is Division, Misery and Night.

Association[6] is Unity, Joy and Light.

Hear this parable and let it be for you a spark of Life and Regeneration.

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6 The early 19th Century term used broadly for what in mid-century would become known as Socialism, and more narrowly as as what would become unionisation.

The grains of sand were complaining to God, saying:

The slightest wind stirs us up and drives us from coast to coast upon the rocks which rip us apart; the slightest drop of water engulfs us; we are the plaything of the elements and the pasture[7] of the smallest pebble and the beach which devours us; and in their anguish all cried out to God for mercy.

God responds to them ASSOCIATION.

Sisters and brothers in wretchedness, associate with us and we shall become the giants, the new armature of humanity transfigured, which is to say associated, united! . . .

The law of Association is known in the atomic world as Attraction,[8] in the intellectual world as Love.

I tell you truly: the matrix of Attraction, of Love and its magnificent fruit Expansion, is the Evadian Unity.[9]

Evadian Unity is the Epic Poem of human life in all of these modes of manifestation, and the State of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Expansion, Love, Harmony, Unity and Sovereignty.

Within Evadian Unity all are called, all are selected, all are rehabilitated.

From our pallet[10] in our city of Paris, the great Eda[11] of the earth, today, 14 July 1840, Day of Peace for the People of France, and of the Peoples' Messiah.

In the name of the great Evadah, in the name of the Great God, Mother, Father.

From Paris, to the Universe.

EXPANSION, LOVE.

The Mapah.

"There was only dust and nothingness, a tear of Love dripped from the Mother's breast turned it into Life and Light."

– trans. Olchar E. Lindsann

from Le Mapah [Simon Ganneau], Untitled Pamphlet [Opuscule sur la reforme électuale et le droit d'association]. July 14, 1840. Self-Published (printed by Malteste): Paris.

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7 Also used figuratively as "lifeblood", an undertone with which Ganneau is playing.

8 *Attraction* is a key term in the system of Fourier, one of the main inspirations for Evadamist theory. *Unity,* in the next sentence, is another.

9 *Evadienne*. Ganneau uses the feminine version of his movement's neologistic name (*Evadamiste* being the masculine form). I have rendered the *-ienne* ending as *-ian* in accordance with the common translation of Saint-Simon's female (and sometimes all) followers as *Saint-Simonians*.

10 *grabat*. A makeshift bed; the modern equivalent might be a futon.

11 *Éda*. I can find no trace of this word or proper noun. It may possibly be a further truncation of the portmanteau word "Évadah" (the Evadian/Edadamist hermaphroditic deity).

Marceline Debordes-Valmore [Day-bored Val-more] was one of the most influential female avant-gardists of the 1830s (see ***Rêvenance*** *#2). This outraged poem reacts to the massacre by Monarchist forces of revolting silk-industry workers in Lyon. 2-600 were killed, 10,000 deported or imprisoned.*

LYONS, 1834

by Marceline Debordes-Valmore

We cannot even bury these dead of ours ;
Too great the cost of priestly funerals:
So they lie stark, all torn with cruel balls,
Awaiting coffins, crosses, and remorse !

Now is the assassin king ! He stalks to fetch
The price of blood from out the treasury ;
He slays, in passing, some defenceless wretch,
Yet still insatiate with blood is he.

God sees him. God will gather like bruised flowers
The souls of babes and women who to him
Are fled, — the air with outraged souls 1 is dim,
On earth men wade in blood, — Merciful Powers !

The spirit haunts its desecrated corpse :
But all too dear are priestly funerals ;
So our dead lie all torn with cruel balls,
Awaiting coffins, crosses, and remorse.

Wear black, my sisters ! — Weep as ne'er before ;
They will not let us take our slain away ;
They make one heap of their dishonored clay ;
And, God, thou knowest that never arms they bore !

trans. Harriet W. Preston

from *The Memoirs of Madame Debordes-Valmore,* trans. Harriet W. Preston. 1873. Roberts Brothers: Boston.

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land. They lack nothing but to discover the free woman[14] to discover the moon, the sun, the stars, and M. de La Palisse's commentaries on death. For now, they've invented a system of general peace.

And here is their reasoning.

Everything has a beginning, a middle and an end; good or evil.

It's a question of evil.

The evil of the moment is disorder, it's dissidence of opinions, it's only the small beginnings of chaos. But, if we push chaos to its highest degree, to its apogee, it necessarily approaches its end.

Thus, there's nothing so close to peace as war; the more violent the war, the more it approaches peace. People who seek peace ought thus to strive towards war, those who want calm towards riot; those who want prosperity towards gossip of bankruptcy, those who want unity towards civil war.

That's what the Saint-Simonians thought, or at least, it's the necessary background of their findings. We'll continue.

Thus, the best means to have peace being to breathe on the flames of war, it's necessary to force the parties to come to blows; it's necessary to stir them up, to give them chiefs. One must search for the chiefs most opposed to [one's] interests that one can find, and in the greatest possible number. For the moment, only three present themselves: Henri V, the duke of Orleans, Napoleon II.

It's already nice enough.

You see from here the kingdom pulled in three different directions, which is the shortest road to unity, because by the strength of all this pulling, it will be torn; the more it's torn, the more pressing it will be to patch things up, the more quickly everyone will take care of reorganizing it.

It's annoying that only three kings of France present themselves, because by this method there will only be three parts to fight amongst themselves and destroy each other.

Other pretenders are begged to join up at the *Globe* offices, since the new government is

---

14 "The free woman": *La Femme Libre* (The Free Woman) was a Saint-Simonist journal founded in 1832, produced and published by women, and the first French feminist journal. The first issue of *La Femme Libre* came out in August 1832, several months after this March issue, but "free woman" was already being used as a slang/rhetorical term, from which the feminist journal probably took up the name. *Rêvenance* #3 contains a brief review of a book on the journal. A further joke here: hypocritically, the Saint-Simonist men found none of the actual female members worthy of fulfilling the female half of the dual papacy, leaving Enfantin in sole control; a group of men later sought her in Egypt.

Saint-Simonian clothing laced in the back, to demonstrate the mutual dependence of individuals within a community.

under the influence and inspiration of the doctrine, as the *Globe* is announcing.[15]

Temporarily, since there are only three, one must content oneself with this small amount of disorder and anarchy. Fine, fine, long live peace, burn houses, bring in foreigners. Long live peace! Fight, kill; long live peace. There's no peace possible as long as there's any house standing, as long as there's any law in effect. We've proved it, peace is born from disorder.

See how disorder will grow. Each of the three dukes could have three sons; on their deaths you will have nine kings of France, after these nine twenty-seven, after these twenty-seven eighty-one; then one day everyone will be king of France.

Then the disorder will be complete. When disorder can't go any further, when it's hit the limit, then order must arrive; when all the world is killed, there must be peace.

Here is, in our present situation, what the Saint-Simonians dreamed best:

"Put on the throne Henri V, the duke of Orleans and Napoleon II." (*Globe*, March 21)[16]

Why not also the king of Holland, Leopold of Belgium, Sultan Mahmoud, and Méhémed-Ali [Muhammad Ali], the viceroy of Egypt? Or indeed there's another option, which is to give the crown to M. Enfantin who is *the greatest of giants of the earth.* (*Globe*, March 22)[17]

M. Enfantin, *who is surrounded by a halo of majesty.* (*Globe*.)

M. Enfantin, *in front of whom all heads bend respectfully.* (*Globe*.)

M. Enfantin, *who appears in the middle of these boys with his face radiant*. (*Globe*.)

Amen.

–trans. Elizabeth Birdsall

from *Figaro* Year 8, No. 33, March 23, 1832. from the collection of the Revenant Archive.

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15 ***Editor's Note:*** Thanks to its technocratic basis, Saint-Simonianists were often seduced by the hope for an "Enlightened Tyrant" to establish their system and then hand power over to the benevolent technocratic bureaucracy. Later, many members of the movement supported the totalitarian regime of Napoleon III, son of Napoleon II named below, also the head of an Imperialist faction.

16 ***Translator's Note:*** The duke of Orleans is of course Louis-Philippe I, officially king at this point (and for the next several years, until the 1848 revolution.)

17 ***Translator's Note:*** The *Globe* was a Saint-Simonian journal run by the "charismatic" subgroup of Saint-Simonians after Saint-Simon's death. M. Enfantin was the leader of that subgroup.

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aside the modest emblem of his trade, but from his waist uprose the buff-coloured triangular front of his leathern apron, partly concealing a waistcoat boasting nearly as great a variety of colours as did the patchwork counterpane of Madame Pipelet.

The porter's recognition of Rodolph as he entered was gracious in the extreme; but, alas! he smiled a melancholy welcome, and his countenance and languid air marked a man of secret sorrow.

"Alfred," said Madame Pipelet, when she had introduced her two companions, "here is a gentleman after the apartment on the fourth floor, and we have only been waiting for you to drink a glass of cordial he sent for."

This delicate attention won for Rodolph the entire trust and confidence of the melancholy porter, who, touching the brim of his hat, said, in a deep bass voice worthy of being employed in a cathedral:

"We shall give the gentleman every satisfaction as porters, and, doubtless, he will act the same by us as a lodger; 'birds of a feather flock together,' as the proverb says." Then, interrupting himself, M. Pipelet anxiously added, "Providing, sir, you are not a painter!"

"No, I am not a painter, but a plain merchant's clerk."

"My most humble duty to you, sir. I congratulate you that Nature did not make you one of those monsters called artists."

"Artists, monsters!" returned Rodolph. "Tell me, pray, why you style them so."

Instead of replying, M. Pipelet elevated his clasped hands towards the ceiling, and allowed a heavy sound, between a grunt and a groan, to escape his overcharged breast.

"You must know, sir," said Madame Pipelet, in a low tone, to Rodolph, "that painters have embittered Alfred's life; they have worried my poor old dear almost out of his senses, and made him half stupefied, as you see him now." Then speaking loud, she added, in a caressing tone, "Oh, never mind the blackguard, there's a dear, but try and forget all about it, or you will be ill, and unable to eat the nice tripe I have got for your dinner."

"Let us hope I shall have courage and firmness enough for all things," replied M. Pipelet,

with a dignified and resigned air; "but he has done me much harm; he has been my persecutor, almost my executioner,—long have I suffered, but now I despise him! Ah," said he, turning to Rodolph, "never allow a painter to enter your doors; they are the plague—the ruin—the destruction of a house!"

"You have, then, had a painter lodging with you, I presume?"

"Unhappily, sir, I did have one," replied M. Pipelet, with much bitterness, "and that one named Cabrion. Ah!"

At the recollections brought back by this name, the porter's declaration of courage and endurance utterly failed him, and again his clenched fists were raised, as though to invoke the vengeance he had so lately described himself as despising.

"And was this individual the last occupant of the chamber I am about engaging?" inquired Rodolph.

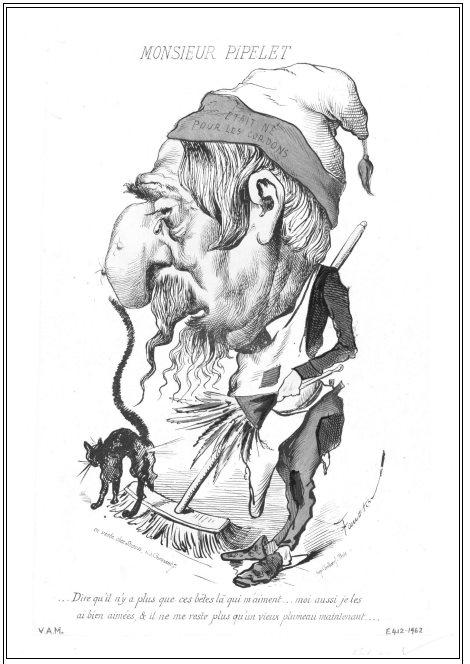
"No, no! The last lodger was an excellent young man named M. Germain. No, this Cabrion had the room before he came. Ah, sir, since Cabrion left, he has all but driven me stark staring mad!"

Madame Pipelet. by Faustin Betbedder, 1870-71. *Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie are portrayed as Mr. and Mrs. Pipelet, in these two prints produced immediately after the regime's fall.*

"Did you, then, so much regret him?" asked Rodolph.

"Regret him! Regret Cabrion!" screamed the astounded porter; "why, only imagine, M. Bras Rouge paid him two quarters' rent to induce him to quit the place, for, unluckily, he had taken his apartments for a term. What a scamp he was! You have no idea of the horrible tricks he played off upon all the lodgers as well as us. Why, just to give you one little proof of his villainy, there was hardly a single wind instrument he did not make use of as a sort of annoyance to the lodgers; from the French horn to the flageolet, he made use of all, and even carried his rascality so far as to play false and to keep blowing the same note for hours together; it was enough to

worry one out of one's senses. Well, I suppose there were upwards of twenty different petitions sent to our chief lessee, M. Bras Rouge, to turn the beggar out; and, at last, he was only got rid of by paying him two quarters' rent,—rather droll, is it not, for a landlord to pay his lodger? But, bless you, the house was so upset by him that he might have had any price so he would but take himself off; however, he *∂id* go. And now you suppose we were clear of M. Cabrion? I'll tell you. Next night, about eleven o'clock, I was in bed, when rap, rap, rap, comes to the gate. I pulls up the string,—somebody walks up to my door, 'How do you do, porter?' says a voice; 'will you oblige me with a lock of your hair?' 'Somebody has mistaken the door,' says my wife. So I calls out to the stranger, 'You are wrong, friend, you want next door.' 'I think not,' returns the voice; 'this is No. 17, is it not, and the porter's name is Pipelet? I'm all right; so please to open the door and oblige me with a lock of your beautiful hair.' 'My name is Pipelet, certainly,' answers I. 'Well, then, friend Pipelet, Cabrion has sent me for a piece of your hair; he says he must and he will have it.'"



Monsieur Pipelet. by Faustin Betbedder, 1870-71. *Such depictions would have been unthinkable during the Empire.*

As Pipelet uttered the last words he gave his head a mournful shake, and, folding his arms, assumed an attitude of martyrlike resolution.

"Do you perceive, sir? He sends to me, his mortal enemy, whom he overwhelmed with insults and continually outraged in every way, to beg a lock of my hair,—a favour which even ladies have been known to refuse to a lover!"

"But, supposing this Cabrion had been as good a lodger as was M. Germain," replied Rodolph, with some difficulty preserving the gravity of countenance, "do you think you might have accorded him the favour?"

"Not to the best lodger that treads shoe-leather would I grant a similar request," replied the man in the flapped hat, waving it majestically over his brows as he spoke; "it is contrary to my principles and habits to give my hair to any one,—only I should have refused with the most scrupulous regard to politeness."

"That is not all," chimed in the porteress. "Only conceive, sir, the abominable conduct of that Cabrion, who, from morning to night, at all hours and at all times, sends a swarm of vagabonds like himself to ask Alfred for a lock of his hair,—always for Cabrion!"

"Ah, monsieur," sighed out poor Pipelet, "had I committed the most atrocious crimes, my sleep could not have been rendered more broken and unrefreshing; scarcely do I fall into a doze than I wake starting with the idea of being called by that cursed Cabrion! I suspect everybody,—in each person who approaches me I see an emissary from my persecutor come to request a lock of my hair. I am losing my good spirits, my temper, and becoming gloomy, suspicious, peevish, and ill-natured. This infernal Cabrion has murdered my whole life!"

And Pipelet heaved so profound a sigh that his hat, vibrating for some time from the consequences of the convulsive shake of the head occasioned thereby, fell forward and completely veiled his care-stricken features.

"I can well understand, now," said Rodolph, "that you are not particularly partial to painters; but I suppose the M. Germain you were praising so highly made up for the bad treatment you received from M. Cabrion?"

"Yes, yes, sir; as I told you, M. Germain was a delightful young man, so honourable and kind-hearted, open as the day, and ever ready to serve and oblige; he was cheerful and merry as need be, but then he always kept his high spirits within proper bounds instead of worrying people to death by his unmeaning hoaxes, like that Cabrion, who I wish was at the devil!"

"Come, come, my good M. Pipelet, I must not let you thus excite yourself; and who, now, is the person fortunate enough to possess such a pattern of a lodger as this M. Germain seems to have been?"

"That is more than I can tell you; no one knows whither he has gone, nor are they likely,

except, indeed, through Mlle. Rigolette."

"And who is Mlle. Rigolette?" demanded Rodolph.

"Why, she is a needlewoman, also living on the fourth floor," cried Madame Pipelet; "another pattern lodger, always pays her rent in advance, and keeps her little chamber so nice and clean; then she is well behaved to every one, so merry and happy, like a bird, though, poor thing! very like a caged bird, obliged to work early and late to earn two francs a day, and often not half that, let her try ever so hard."

"How does it happen that Mlle. Rigolette should be the only person entrusted with the secret of M. Germain's present abode?"

"Why, when he was going away, he came to us and said," returned Madame Pipelet, "'I do not expect any letters; but if, by chance, any should come, please to give them to Mlle. Rigolette.' And she is well worthy of his confidence, if his letters were filled with gold; don't you think so, Alfred?"

"The fact is," said the porter, in a severe tone, "that I know no harm of Mlle. Rigolette, excepting her permitting herself to be wheedled over by that vile scamp, Cabrion."

"But you know, Alfred, that nothing more than a few harmless attentions passed between them," interrupted the porteress; "for, though Mlle. Rigolette is as merry as a kitten, she is as prudent and correct as I am myself. You should see the strong bolts she has inside her door; and if her next-door neighbour will make love to her, that is not her fault; it follows as a matter of course when people are so close to each other. It was just the same with the travelling-clerk we had here before Cabrion, and so it was when M. Germain took the room this abominable painter occupied. So, as I say, there is no blame to Mlle. Rigolette; it arises out of the two rooms joining one another so closely,—naturally that brings about a little flirtation, but nothing more."

"So, then, it becomes a matter of course, does it," said Rodolph, "that every one who occupies the apartment I am to have should make love to Mlle. Rigolette?"

"Why, of course, monsieur; how can you be good neighbours without it,—don't you see? Now, imagine yourself lodging in the very next room to a nice, pretty, obliging young person,

like Mlle. Rigolette; well, then, young people will be young people,—sometimes you want a light, sometimes a few live coals to kindle up your fire, maybe a little water,—for one is sure always to find plenty of fresh spring water at Mlle. Rigolette's, she is never without it; it is her only luxury,—she is like a little duck, always dabbling in it; and if she does happen to have a little leisure, such a washing down of floors and cleaning of windows! Never the least soil or neglect about either herself or her apartment, and so you will find."

"And so M. Germain, by reason of his close proximity to Mlle. Rigolette, became what you style upon perfectly neighbourly terms with her?"

"Oh, bless you, yes! Why, the two seemed cut out for each other, so young and so good-looking! It was quite a pleasure to look at them as they came down-stairs of a Sunday to take the only walk, poor things! they could afford themselves throughout the week; she dressed in a smart little cap and a gown that cost, probably, not more than twenty-five sous the ell, but made by herself, and that so tastily that it became her as much as though it had been of satin; he, mind ye, dressed and looking like a regular gentleman."

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The cartoonist Sapeck (Eugène Bataille) and the radical activist and songwriter Jules Jouy were both leaders of the vibrant Bohemian Satire community in the 1880s, collaborators of Alphonse Allais and members of the ***Fumistes, Hydropaths, Incoherents, Chat Noir****, and other groups (see* ***Rêvenance*** *No. 1–3). Their short-lived, off-the-cuff, joke journal was destined to become entangled in labour arguments for the next thirty years.*

(Birth of the *Anti-Concierge*)

Hooray! Hooray!

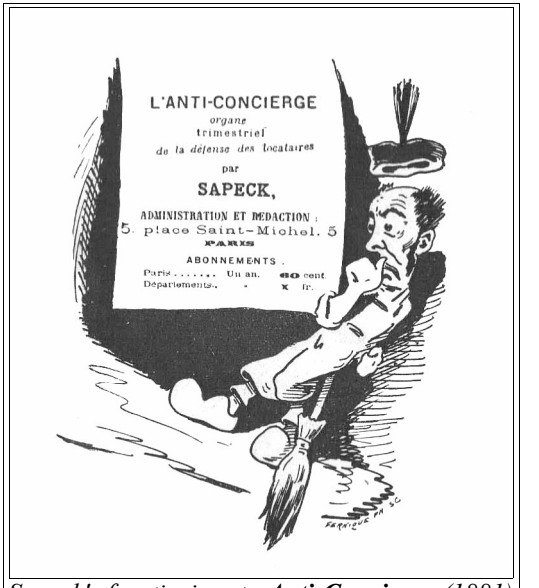
A new paper is born, which responds to a true social need.

A group of disgruntled tenants are going to start up the *Anti-Concierge,* an organ destined to shed light upon the encroachment of citizens in charge of keeping up our houses.

See the "First-Paris" of the new paper:

"The *Anti-Concierge* shall set itself to the work of assembling all the grievances against the so vicious species of Knights of the Cordon.

"Harsh, yet just, the *Anti-Concierge* shall have no difficulty recognising that, in the unpleasant corporation which it gives itself the mission of combatting, there exist a few polite and helpful Pipelets, noble exceptions. As for these, the only ones worthy *of panegyrics* (sorry!), we respect them and admire them without reserve. As for the remaining, sad majority, from this moment forward we declare a pitiless war on them, in the name of victimised tenants."



Sapeck's frontispiece to ***Anti-Concierge*** *(1881)*

You see here the unfortunate pipelet forced to show to his tenants the journal which relates all the long retaliations that he exercises for eleven months out of the year, for the month of December is usually blessed to make everyone forget for the moment blessed with gifts.[18]

Pity our concierges and . . . Let's all subscribe en masse.

by Arthur Verneuil, from *L'Orchestre: Revue quotidienne,* Dec. 10, 1881.

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(The Rumours of *Anti-Concierge*'s Death Are Greatly Exaggerated...)

Note that these short notices were published by the same journal that had printed the satire on the Saint-Simonians translated elsewhere in this issue, albeit after many changes in ownership and management; 27 years later,the ***Figaro*** *would publish Marinetti's* ***Futurist Manifesto****. Charles Monselet, who made the mistake, was one of the most active historians of the Romanticist avant-garde.*

18 étrennes. Christmas gifts, but also tips (in this case, presumably large Christmastime "bonuses").

The journal the *Anti-Concierge* has ceased to appear. You may well have ignored its existence: it was revealed, in fact, by Mr. Charles Monselet. The *Anti-Concierge* had for its founder Mr. Ponchon, one of the last originals.

We owe to him, says Mr. Monselet, several undying tunes, were it only for the very abridged parody of *Adventurers of the Sea*:

When departing Melun
We were but one;
But when we arrived at Carcassonne,
There wasn't anyone.

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[*Correction from three issues later*:]

Mr. Ponchon, the poet, author of the parody of *Adventurers of the Sea* was not at all, it appears, the founder of the journal the *Anti-Concierge*. I was misled by an error of Mr. Monselet.

This vengeful journal had as founders Mr. Jules Jouy and the cartoonist Sapeck, and a letter from M. Jouy, informs me that the *Anti-Concierge* will reappear incessantly.

from *Le Figaro*. Year 28, Series 3, No. 73, Tues. March 14, 1882. & No. 76, Fri. March 17, 1882.

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I am unaware of any surviving copies of Anti-Concierge; here is a description of its contents from an 1888 bibliography of caricature:

Anti-Concierge. Official organ of the defense of tenants. Text by Jules Jouy, drawings by Sapeck. December 1861. 7 issues in-4. On the oversleeves we read: "*The Anti-Concierge* appears on the 1st and the 16th of every month. It intends to draw to public condemnation the overly aggressive pipelets and plead the attenuating circumstances for the reasonable, noble, but rare exceptions in the odious brotherhood of the cordon." Another notice bore: "Non-muzzled concierges are not allowed in the office."
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On the fourth page are scattered fantasist announcements of the following kinds: The conciergicide Cabrion, – the heat-conveying Pipeletophobes, – the false pieces to christen and other pleasantries of like calibre.

from J. Grand-Cartaret, *Les Moeurs et la caricature en France.* 1888. La Librairie Illustrée: Paris. p. 559

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(The Pipelets Unionise!)

When the Concierges of Paris unionized (in part for reasons that will become clear as this feature continues), Sue's image of Pipelet, coupled with Sapeck's and Jouy's updated versions, became entangled in the debates. The next three articles are from the leftist journal ***The XIXth Century,*** *published over an eight-year span.*

It seems that Paris is going to possess a new mutual aid society: that of the concierges of the Department of the Seine. Its creation was decided upon in principle at a meeting which took place at the town hall on the rue Drouot. The statutes will be discussed in a later session.

The knights and the knights of the cordon, – who number no less than 16,300 in the Department of the Seine,– already attempted, a dozen years ago, to constitute an analogous society: but they failed. They seem called, this time, for better luck.

Let's hope that they are not too often called to these mandatory assemblies, for the tenants could have to suffer from their too-frequent absences.

On this condition, we consider dignified the tentative encouragements of our bold Pipelets. Only the joyous Sapeck could find it in him to correct it, he who, upon a day of high spirits, launched this journal of vindictive title: the *Anti-Concierge.* But everyone knows that Sapeck, in his administration, became a grave man, said farewell to the fumisteries of yore and long ago renounced his persecution of the gentle porter.[19]

from *Le XIXe Siècle: Journal Républicain*, No. 5478, Dec. 10, 1887. p. 2.

19 A tongue-in-cheek reference to Sapeck's short-lived stint as a public servant. Sapeck was a member of the avant-garde satirical group The Fumistes (The Smokers), hence their hijinks as "fumisteries".

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Cost of the Novel in the Porter[20]

Dedicated to the late Sapeck, founder of the *Anti-Concierge*.

The 8th Chamber of correctional police, presided over by Mr. Cou[r]urier[21], appeared, yesterday, ferocious toward a concierge who did not think to innovate in slandering two of his tenants.

These two, the husband and the wife, had, in recent years, the misfortune to lose their baby suddenly.

In the presence of the body which had stupified them, the concierge could not stop himself from repeating to every person penetrating the lodge:

– It's not for me to say, but this death isn't natural. For sure, the child must have been poisoned by its parents.

The quarter's police commissioner caught wind of these remarks. An inquest was opened and the child's cadaver transported to the morgue. The autopsy demonstrated that the baby's death was quite natural.

The father and mother sued, yesterday, before the 8th Correction Chamber, the concierge under indictment for defamation. After Mr. Merard's plea for the plaintiffs, the tribunal sentenced the defendant to imprisonment, 100 fr. fine and 500 fr. in damages.

Are you resting easy, Sapeck?

from *Le XIXe Siècle*, No. 9409, Sat. Dec. 14, 1893.

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20 The article's title (*Cout du roman chez la portière*) remains obscure.

21 Letter missing in source

"Anti-Concierge" Jurisprudence

Ah! if the *Anti-Concierge,* whose founder – just punishment or just recompense, as you will, for its polemics – which died to counsel the prefecture[22], was still coming out! What a place of honour it would accord, in its "Our Columns", to the judgement that has been rendered by the Sixth Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine!

The Sixth Chamber, in fact, has shaken off the yoke of the narrow-minded jurisprudence which has confined itself to declaring that the proprietor is civically responsible for the doings and gestures of his concierge, in the course of fulfilling his functions. In accordance with a famous arrest in the heart of Paris which went all out and ruled the owner of a house civilly responsible for the damage resulting from the infraction of Incitement to Debauchery committed by a concierge in regards to a young underage girl residing in the house, the Sixth Chamber rendered verdict, yesterday, on the pleas of Mr. Lacaze and Mr. Arthur Leymarie, that the action of a concierge to bad-mouth the quality of the merchandise sold by a wine merchant, and, in this instance, to repeat to "his" tenants that the wine sold by the retailer is *ɔkanky,*[23] constitutes a quasi-infraction of which the owner, at fault as the responsible party, owes personal reparation.

While jurisprudence marches merrily on in this matter, the tenants will soon be in a position to pay their rent regularly and exactly with nothing but the offensiveness of the language, well and duly established, of their concierges. This bit of *Litigant's*[24] verse, slightly modified, would then be a continuous reparation:

Bad-mouth me: I have four children to feed . . .

from *Le XIXe ɔiècle: journal quotiɔien politique et littéraire*, 11 March 1895

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22 A reference to Sapeck leaving the journal to join politics and be elected to the Prefecture of l'Oise.
23 *piquette,* of poor vintage.
24 *Plaideurs.* Capitalised and italicised in the original. Perhaps a journal?

This militant tract from a Workers' syndicalist paper picks out the ***Anti-Concierge*** *as representative of oppressive stereotypes against labour.* ***The Hired Help*** *[****Le Larbin****] was written by and for labour activists and union members employed in the massive domestic service industries.*

PLATFORM

For the Defense of Concierges

The hired-help[25] is the natural friend of the pipelet. Both enveloped in unfair prejudice, they mutually measure the secret of their griefs. You can even say that the distaste which is attached to the profession of concierge is an instance of one prejudged without any reason.

Among the concierges, those who poorly understand their labours are a tiny minority; but the prejudice against all is so strong, that tenants, generally, as soon as they enter a house, consider their porter as a direct enemy, before even meeting him. This absurd prejudice has spread particularly among the writers who, in their fantasist verve,[26] are pleased to furnish the concierge with seven capital sins. Novels and journal articles, all partake in this smear campaign; the concierge has been turned into one of the whipping-boy of modern literature. This bias reached such a pitch, that fifteen years ago two journalists, Jules Jouy and Bataille a.k.a. Sapeck, published a journal, the *Anti-Concierge,* in which the poor parisian pipelets were held up to ridicule, insulted, vilified, dragged through the mud, from the first to the last line of every issue.

To these stupid attacks, the concierges responded with silence, a silence overflowing with dignity. They disdained the calumnies hurled at them by numbskulls, whose real goal was to rake in stacks of money by amusing the gawkers. This attitude, which testifies to a placid world-view, proves that the concierges are wise men. As for their calumniators, the train of events has proven that they were fools: the two editors of the *Anti-Concierge* died, after a few years' interval, each in an insane asylum. That's history, for you!

25 *Larbin*. Derogatory term for domestic servants. This is the title of the magazine, an ironic claiming of the insulting term.

26 *fantasiste*. In the literary terminology of the day, this word referred to the more outré aspects of Romanticism and its descendants, whether flamboyant occultism or (in this case) absurdist humour.

Our main goal is therefore not, in creating this tribune, to go refute the lies which have been thought up to sow the discredit with which concierges have the right to complain. Rather we place our publication at their disposition in order to let them participate in our general inquiry, all defend themselves in it, when an injustice is committed to their detriment. We know, yes, that their modesty usually conceals a heart of gold, frank and loyal friendship, open to all good feelings.

This parisian concierge, whom so many bourgeois imbeciles look at askance, how many times has he, at the peril of his life, grabbed by the throat the burglers who, getting into the house by some trick, were coming down the stairway when the cry: "Stop thief!" rang out, pushed by the terrified tenants? You cannot cite a single porter, who, during any criminal activity, has turned a deaf ear to the appeal: "Help!" The judicial records are, on the contrary, rife with acts of devotion, and show them to us always going to the aid of victims, struggling against the assassin, behaving, in a word, with true heroism . . . And is it not heroic too, these brave concierges who, in these days of anarchist attempts, when they have found at the foot of a wall the criminal engine,[27] about to do its terrible work of destruction, took it fearlessly into their hands, with such coolness and courage, extinguished the wick, doused the explosive in water, and thus saved from a horrible death the tenants of the property confided to their care? . . .

Why then must people forget so easily all these civil traits, so many, which are the honor of this humble association?

As for us, we take it to heart always to render them justice. Let the concierges know clearly: they can, in any situation, just as much for their general defense as in aiding them in their personal vindications against malice and arbitrariness, they can count on our most devoted and most energetic support.

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27 i.e., a bomb. A string of anarchist bombings and assassinations took place from the 1880s into the 1920s, the first major outbreak of the form of terrorism which has become familiar to us. It is unclear whether this anecdote refers to a specific event, through it was not uncommon for concierges to be wounded in such blasts.
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Syndicalist Chamber of People of Condition

The domestics, who are partisans of the creation of our Syndicalist Chamber, can give us at present their name and address. To do so, they need only write us putting on the envelope: "Mr. Director of Periodical Postage, 14, rue de Baune, in Paris. *Care of the Philosophical Chef*[28]." As soon as we have around fifty members, we will convoke our comrades for a private meeting to listen to them. The members' names will not be communicated to anyone but the provisional committee, composed exclusively of domestics devoted to our work.

from *Le Larbin: Tribune permanente ouverte aux revendications des domestiques.* No. 1. Undated, c.1900, p. 20–22.

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This final entry can be looked at as an add-on to the previous issue's special feature on French dance-club culture in the 1830s–50s. Karr, who wrote and published the satirical proto-Zine ***Les Gûepes*** *[**The Wasps**], will be familiar to regular readers of* ***Rêvenance*** *(see Nos. 1–3).*

Random Stuff (1841)

by Gustave Karr

In *The Favourite,* presented at the Paris Opera, – there's still a church, – there's now one in every opera. – which must naturally be diverted into two kinds of people, – first the pious people, who don't like that we allow actors such performances. And those who, not going to mass, neither want to discover it upon the boards, where they come looking for something else.

The former like nothing better than to go to mass, – the latter prefer the Musard Ball.

But, everything's mixed up, everything's confounded in a weird Tohu-bohu.[29] – If the Opera,

---

28 or the Chef Philosopher (*Pour remettre au Couisinier Philosophe.*)

29 An extremely rare word, that was likely current as Romanticist/Bohemian slang (note its resonance with other key argot in the article such as the *cancan,* etc.). It derives from Jewish theology, and denotes the primordial chaos prior to the Word–an idea relating to the theory of Romanticist frenzy, and likely to appeal to the hermetic, quasi-cabalistic elements of the movement.

on certain days, has the air of a church, – we have the church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette[30], which has the air of an auditorium or ballroom, and which we justifiably dub a Musard church.

It is, every Sunday, the meeting-place of a slew of dancers[31] and all the kept girls[32] of the neighbourhood. – What's more we encounter there a throng of young guys, less punctilious than in yesteryear to the holy services.

That's probably wherefore this church isn't terribly well-formed – why they position so many uniformed policemen there – probably to prevent indecent dances. – They announce a massive ball at Notre-Dame de Paris.

Regarding these indecent dances and policemen, militiamen[33], etc. – who are charged with cracking down, in the public establishments, – on the popular cauchucas[34] and exaggerated fandangos, – aren't they capable of making some huge mistakes? – Recently, a man arrested by them for a like offense, called upon, before the sixth chamber, some embarrassing theories.

–*We have,* said he,

The gracious cancan, – the saint-simonian, – the half-cancan, – the cancan, – the cancan and a half, – and the cahut; – this last dance is is the only one prohibited. I was dancing the gracious cancan.

Wouldn't it be timely to open, for the good of those gentlemen the police and militiamen, a special school of *bizarre* dances, – where they would learn to perfectly discern the specific char-

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30 This new church had been built by the ruling Orleans monarchy five years previous, which gives the pun a subtle political jibe.

However, Karr is making a pun with Romanticist argot; several months previously, his friend Nestor Roqueplan (a Romanticist humourist) had coined or popularised the slang term "Lorette" to signify a young, lower-class single woman supported as a mistress by a wealthy man. "Lorettes" would often have met their suitors at dance-halls and balls. The term grew in popularity and remained current throughout the century.

The new church was surrounded by cheaply-built new apartments (note Karr's jab at the quality of construction) which, due to a slow-drying plaster that caused respiratory problems, became inhabited by many poor working women, many of whom were susceptible to the advances of wealthier young men: hence the slang term deriving from the neighbourhood. (see Michael Marrinan, *Romantic Paris: Histories of a Cultural Landscape, 1800–1850,* p. 294. Marrinan traces this as the origin of the term, but not to Roqueplan personally.) Roqueplan's coinage is cited in Rigaut's 1888 *Dictionnaire d'argot moderne* (featured in the previous issue), which was compiled and published by collaborators of Alphonse Allais, in whose work Karr's influence is clear.

31 danseuses, female dancers

32 i.e., "lorettes" according to the newly-coined slang term.

33 gardes municipaux

34 See notes to "Partymar with the Badouillards" in *Rêvenance* No. 3.

acteristics of these dances they've had enough of.

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Out in the world, when a man has invited a woman to dance who can't accept due to a previous offer, he goes on to another, and it seems to me to be an insult to both women. To the first, he would say thus: "I asked you by chance, without preference; I don't dance with you; so it goes! I'll dance with someone else." – To the second: "I take you for lack of anyone better; if the one whom I invited first had been free, I'd never consider you; she's prettier than you, more elegant, more spiritual than you."

Some people, in order to avoid this, don't dance when the woman whom they've chosen isn't free; – but it can thus come about that they pass the night without dancing, some wish they would have.

Here's how they do it in some of the towns in the Midi:[35] – each man, when coming in, plucks from a basket an artificial flower, – and, when he's going to invite a woman to dance, – in the place of this seldom-varied formula:

"Would Madame like to do me the honour of dancing with me?" he offers her a flower, which she keeps in her waistband until she's danced the promised contradance; – then, the contra-dance over, she returns the bouquet to him, which he'll offer to another. – In this way, they don't run the risk of inviting a woman already spoken for, – because each woman who doesn't have a flower is free and waiting to dance.

–trans. Olchar E. Lindsann

from *Les Gûepes,* Janvier 1841. Self-Published: Paris. p. 66–68. from the Revenant Archive.

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Cham, ***Eugène Sue's Romantico-political Candidacy*** (1848). By the 1848 Revolution, even mainstream Romanticism was associated with socialism, and like Victor Hugo, the creator of Pipelet, Eugène Sue (see **Mysteries of Paris** in this issue) made the transition into politics, elected to the Chamber of Deputies of the short-lived Second Republic; he was exiled for protesting Napoleon III's coup d'état, dying in Italy. The American Socialist leader and labour organiser Eugene Victor Debs was named after Hugo and Sue. Here he is pictured surrounded by his best-known characters, most drawn from the working or criminal classes. Lithograph from the Revenant Archive.

Now Available from the mOnocle-Lash Revenants Series

The Revenant Series imprint publishes translations, histories, and new editions of works related to the 19th Century avant-garde, including the Romanticist, Frenetic, Occultist, Utopian Socialist, Bohemian, Parnassian, Anarchist, Decadent, and Symbolist communities.

***Baptism : Marriage**, by The Mapah, Simon Ganneau,* trans. Olchar E. Lindsann. After Romanticist sculptor and phrenologist Simon Ganneau was visited by the spirit of his recently deceased wife, he founded the Evadamiste movement, a hybrid of occultism, gnosticism, feminism, and utopian socialism. Though small, the movement lasted for twenty years and at one time counted many influential activists and occultists among its adherents, including Eliphas Levi, Flora Tristan, Alphonse Esquiros, and Alexandre Dumas. No text of the movement has ever been translated before. This eight-page pamphlet, first published in 1838, proclaims the coming new age, heralded by the androgenous male-female deity Evadam. Supplemented with a contemporary description of the Mapah by the avant-garde satirist Gustave Karr and a portrait by the Evadamist artist Traviès.

***Lycanthropy: Some Shreds Torn from Rhapsodies**, by Petrus Borel*, trans. O. Lindsann, Joseph Carter, & Raymond E. André III. Petrus Borel played a seminal role in the founding of the avant-garde as a writer, theorist, organiser and public provocateur. Though acknowledged as a major influence by Baudelaire, Lautréamont, Tzara, and Breton, his work is scarcely known even French, and only a scattering of poems have ever been translated into English. This anthology includes five poems from Borel's 1832 collection Rapsodies, with parallel French texts, translators notes, and footnotes unfolding Borel's many references to the Romanticist avant-garde community and its ideological and historical contexts; Borel's Preface to the book, arguably the most influential manifesto of avant-garde Romanticism, heavily annotated; a short critical biography; and a selected bibliography of works in English.

In Preparation

Coming Jan. 2019: ***Cinders from 'Fire and Flame',** by Philothée O'Neddy*. New translations from the signature 1833 collection of the Bouzingo co-founder, one of the most influential, yet forgotten, writers of the Romanticist avant-garde. An appetizer for a forthcoming full-length anthology.

Long-Term Anthologies in Preparation: Estimated 2020 Release: *The Frenetic Feminine* (Anthology of Female founders of the avant-garde, c.1820–40), *Incoherent Footprints of the Rabid Black Cat* (Anthology of the Hydropathes, Incoherents, and Chat Noir groups c.1880–1900) & an anthology focusing on the role of dancing in the Romanticist Avant-Garde, c.1830–50. Estimated 2021 Release: *Tales of the Bouzingo* (Anthology of the first self-declared Avant-Garde collective, 1829–34).

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